

THE BELTING MATCH.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY BLACK WAX.

Is there one who has not heard the news—
Amongst the Gentiles or the Jews—
Which gave the "Johnny Bulls" the blues
And made them all shake in their shoes,
'Cause Sayers got a Belt-Ing?

When Heenan first went over there,
It made them all with wonder stare,
To think the "Boy" should ever dare
His "muscle" with their man compare,
And try to give a Belt-Ing.

And "Tom"—when he went in the ring—
Thought he was in an easy thing;
But "Heenan" shot him on the wing,
And they said it was "han awful" thing
To give their "Tom" a Belt-Ing.

The "Johnny Bulls" thought Tom would win,
And on him bet their "piles of tin";
But "he wasn't got a lookin'", and couldn't come in,
And though they said it was a sin—
Their Champion got a Belt-Ing.

When Tom hit Heenan in the eye,
The "Bulls" thought sure that he would die;
But when they saw the "Boy" let fly,
And knock poor Tom "bout five feet high,
They feared he'd got the Belt-Ing.

And when they fought the final round,
Tom lay "used up" all on the ground,
And when "Time!" was call'd, heard not the sound;
And then the "Referee" couldn't be found—
Still the Champion got a Belt-Ing.

And if they e'er should fight "agin' "
The "Bon-a-c-a Boy" is bound to win
The Belt as well as all the "tin,"
And make the "Johnny Bulls" "haul in,"
By giving him another Belt-Ing.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 4th, 1866.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—SAYERS AND HEENAN.

From Bell's Life, April 29th.

Again do we draw the attention of our readers to the subject of this match, and before proceeding to particulars, it is incumbent on us to say a few words in justification of ourselves against an accusation brought forward in a letter in the Times newspaper of Monday, by Heenan, or rather by some person professing to act for him, in which we are accused indirectly, if not directly, of refusing to publish the letter addressed to us. The only answer we think it necessary to make to this charge is, that the letter was not delivered at our office until half-past eleven o'clock on Friday night, just three hours after we had gone to press. As to the letter itself, it is ridiculous as well as disingenuous, and it should not be lost sight of that a meeting of the belligerents had been appointed for that morning at our office, which Heenan neglected to attend, preferring to send McDonald and Mr. Falkland as his representatives. In the first place, Heenan says he had been unable to obtain a decision from us, which is untrue, for his factotum (Macdonald) and his mentor (Mr. Falkland) both attended twice at our office, and on the second occasion were informed that we should give time for Sayers to recover from his injury—that time to be decided by a medical certificate. In the second place, he quotes the battle with Brettie as on a par with his, and as one which should guide the referee in his decision. Is it possible he can have forgotten that on that occasion there were no police, the ring was not disturbed, and Brettie gave in immediately his arm was dislocated, instead of continuing to fight for upwards of an hour, and inflict such punishment as Sayers did with his one arm? We do not make these remarks to disparage Bob Brettie, whose injury was such as effectually prevented his continuing the battle, but to show the absurdity of Heenan's reasoning.

Thirdly, we are called upon at half-past eleven on Friday night to search out Sayers and tell him he must fight again within the week (that is on the following day), and then we are to go to Heenan himself, who, be it remarked, gives no address, and indeed never has informed us of his whereabouts, and tell him what arrangements have been made. Truly, whoever was his adviser as to this letter would have done better had he persuaded him to let well alone. He had got honor and glory by his conduct in the fight previous to the last round, and would have received as much praise and sympathy as his opponent, but the penning and publishing of this epistle has in many quarters done him harm, as almost every one is acquainted with the real facts, and judges accordingly. His claim to the belt is simply preposterous. Had the fight progressed we are satisfied Sayers would have won, barring an accident; and had we not been prevented seeing the 37th round we should have decided against Heenan for hitting Sayers off his knees, for that he did this we have now the assurances of several gentlemen whom we had not seen when we penned our last remarks on the subject, and who have no interest whatever in the affair. Heenan seems to have forgotten, too, the 25th rule of the Ring, by which the referee had the power of ordering the men to be separated—a power which he occasionally would have exercised had he witnessed the latter part of the round. On Friday we received the following letter from Heenan, which as it touches no new point, requires no comment. We have only to repeat, in answer to it, that he never did win the belt; and that had the referee done what in strictness, perhaps, he was bound to do, order Heenan to fight again the same day, all dispute would have been at an end, as Sayers would have won. His not doing this was a piece of favoritism to Heenan, and not to the champion.

TO THE EDITOR AND EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE.

London, April 27, 1866.

Sir: I, John C. Heenan, of the city of West Troy, in the State of New York, Champion of America, having, in pursuance of my challenge to Thomas Sayers, the Champion of England, and in pursuance also of articles of agreement, drawn and executed between him and me on the 16th of December last, conditioned for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt, met the said Thomas Sayers near Farnboro', England, on Tuesday, the 17th inst.; and having then and there fought with the said Thomas Sayers, in accordance with the terms of said contract and the rules of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, until the said Sayers was forcibly extricated from my grasp, and the said Sayers, and having failed to obtain a decision therefrom, awarding me the said stakes and belt, or to obtain any decision whatever in the premises; and having, after waiting three days for some decision to be made, demanded in writing that the said Sayers should, according to the rules and customs for such cases made and provided, meet me again within the week, or resign to me the said stakes and belt according to the terms of said agreement; and no answer having been made to said demand of mine within said week, or down to this date, which is a full week from the date of said demand; therefore I do hereby demand and claim that the said stakes and belt have been duly won by and are forfeited to me; and I do, consequently, hereby further claim and demand that the said stakes and belt shall be delivered over to me by you, who are the referee and also the custodian thereof.—Yours, &c., JOHN C. HEENAN.

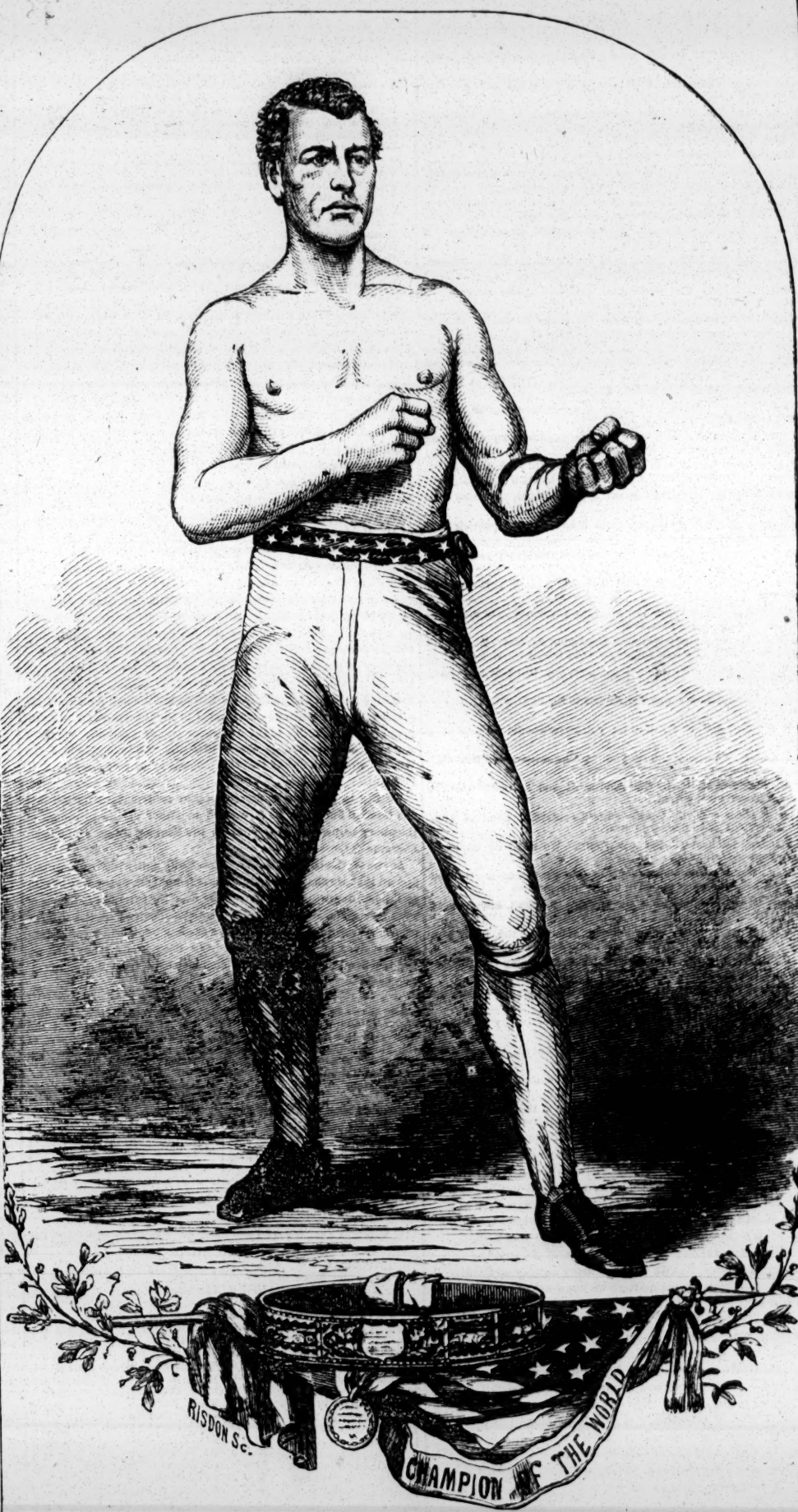
We now come to what has transpired during the past week, and what is likely to be decided as to the fight being concluded. We understand from Heenan that he is resolved to have the match fought out, and that Sayers is of the same opinion, but that the state of his arm is such as will prevent any meeting for at least two months. The following certificate has been given to him by Messrs. Sydney Jones and E. Clayton, of St. Thomas' Hospital:—

"Having examined Mr. Thomas Sayers this day, we are of opinion, from the contused state of the muscles, tendons, and inner bone of the right fore arm, that he will be unable to use that arm for at least a couple of months, or probably more."

Sydney Jones, F.R.C.S., M.B. Edward Clayton, M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

St. Thomas' Hospital, April 21, 1866.

This certificate, of course, must guide the referee in his judgment as to naming another time, but we yet hope both men may be persuaded to agree to a draw, and shake hands over the matter. The only alternative to which Heenan is disposed to agree is this, that two belts shall be made, to be paid for by subscription, each to be a fac simile of the old belt. That one shall be given to him and one to Sayers, and that the old belt shall remain in our hands to be fought for by any person who think they can win and wear it. A somewhat similar proposition was made last week by ourselves, but rejected by both men. We think under the circumstances, however, there would be no disgrace on either side in agreeing to it. We have it from the best authority that steps will indubitably be taken by the powers that be to stop any future meeting, and that in the event of its being attempted, a prosecution will be commenced for what has already taken place, which will otherwise,



JOHN C. HEENAN.

however, be overlooked. It is, therefore, for the men and their backers to decide whether they will brave the law further or not.

From the Sporting Life, April 28.

TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY.—The recent fight for the Championship continues the ruling topic of conversation throughout the country. The Vanderbilt, the vessel which bears the intelligence of the mill to America, is now ten days on her voyage across the Atlantic, and what the excitement will be in that excitable Yankee land when the news arrives, our readers can best imagine, especially as public feeling will be stimulated by the flagrant misrepresentations of the American journalists sent to England to "do" the fight in a manner most flattering to Heenan's countrymen. Morrissey, who has been in England since the beginning of April, and who assured us that he did not intend to leave "until Empire had won the Derby," has suddenly left our shores. It will be remembered that Morrissey expressed himself confidently in favor of Sayers' chance of victory, and in fact backed our Champion heavily before leaving his native land. Both he and Jack Hamlin, since their arrival in England, had been very staunch to Sayers' cause, and were most assiduous in offering Tom counsel and advice likely to prove service to the Champion in his encounter with the Benicia Boy. Morrissey professed the most contemptuous estimate of Heenan, and not only stated publicly that his countryman would be ignominiously "swamped," but that the Boy was a rank "cur" at heart. Heenan's great fight, and the games he displayed, naturally placed Morrissey in an awkward predicament, for he had not only shown himself a traitor to his country's cause, but a miserably bad judge of boxing pretensions into the bargain. Heenan's party, as soon as they got their hands loose, resolved to make it "warm" for Morrissey, and Sayers' friends could not entertain the fondest feelings for him, for if it had been ment had not serious misadventures, he had at least taught Tom to regard Heenan as a very different man from what the English Champion found him. Immediately after the fight, Heenan commissioned Jack McDonald to make a match with Morrissey for £500 if possible at once, and the Benicia Boy is even reported to have declared his intention of "whipping" Morrissey who never let him, after the fight for the Championship. Whether, however,

order that he might at least have vindicated or apologized for the many aspersions he cast upon Heenan's courage. Every person who saw how gallantly the Benicia Boy "throughout the fight" received his punishment will scout the idea of his being "a cur," and, indeed, we doubt if a gamer fellow ever pulled off a shirt. Although it has been our duty to ensure certain serious violations of the rules of the British P. R. of which Heenan was unquestionably guilty, we must concur with popular opinion as to the game and courageous qualities which distinguished his conduct until he committed one fatal error in striking Sayers while upon his second's knee. This act we felt bound to condemn as derogatory to the combatant and unlawful in the letter of the law of pugilism.

Sayers and Heenan have spent the present week at Newmarket, and have visited the race course daily during the recent Spring Meeting. On Monday the belligerents met and shook hands, but it was evident that a restraint and coolness existed between them difficult to overcome. Their presence of course created immense interest, and they were followed by crowds of persons throughout the day. Mr. Gully was among one of the first to take the men by the hands, and congratulate them upon their mutual display of pluck. After scanning Heenan carefully, and contrasting the disparity between him and Sayers, Mr. Gully expressed his utter astonishment that our Champion had been able to stand against such a Hercules. "Well, Tom," exclaimed the ex-champion and ex-member of Parliament, "I can't understand how you did it."

The Jockey Club, after their Monday's dinner, commenced a subscription on behalf of Sayers, and upwards of £360 was collected, Lord Glasgow heading the list with a donation of £50. The merchants of Liverpool, who have subscribed largely for Tom, have taken some offence that the Champion had not answered the communications which had been addressed to him on the subject, and had even talked of returning the money to the persons who had subscribed. Tom Sayers' friends, however, will be enabled to explain away any feelings that may have been engendered in the matter, and doubtless Tom will yield to the wishes of the Liverpoolians and attend to receive the handsome and substantial testimony to his pluck.

The Society of Bakers in London, 19,000 strong, have passed a resolution, at their general meeting, to subscribe expenses each for a Sayers testimonial, which they intend to present to him in a massive silver goblet, and the remainder in a purse of gold.

With respect to a future meeting between the men nothing is yet definitely arranged, although there seems every probability of the fight being renewed, unless matters take a widely different turn.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, Tuesday, April 24, '66.

MR. QUINN.—The "fight" is still the theme, in high life and low life, and although Tom Sayers had the worst of the battle, appearances indicate that he will have the best of the "afterpiece," for the collection making in his behalf in England will be sufficient, it is stated, to purchase him an annuity which will bring him in £25 (£25 per week) in the lobby of the House of Commons on Friday night there were nearly £200 collected for him; at Liverpool, on the same day, £170, and at the Royal Exchange, London, on Saturday, 105 new sovereigns were given to him in a new scarlet silk purse. Sayers, since the fight has been courted by the swells, and extolled by the ladies. He has received an invitation from the Countess of Stamford and Warrington, to visit her, as she wishes to make him a present. He goes to see her on Wednesday.

I enclose you a copy of the certificate for Sayers, which was given on the 21st. It was given to me by Mr. Bennett, on Saturday night, at Bryer's, where two gentlemen came in, and one gave a twenty, and the other a ten pound note to Sayers. This certificate will not be published until next Saturday. Here is a copy:—

Certificate from the Surgeons of St. Thomas' Hospital, London.—Having examined Mr. Thomas Sayers this day, we are of opinion from the contused state of the muscles, tendons, and inner bone of the right fore arm, that he will be unable to use that arm for at least a couple of months, or probably more. Signed

Sydney Jones, F.R.C.S., M.B. Edward Clayton, M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.]

St. Thomas' Hospital, April 21, 1866.

It is the opinion of Heenan's friends that this certificate is nothing more nor less than a subterfuge on the part of Sayers to prolong the fight, so that Sayers may put in his claims, at the expiration of the two months, for the belt, without fighting for it. However, I believe they will fight again, and that the stakes will be made into £500 a side.

Falkland and Morrissey have had some very high words at the "Table." Morrissey got hold of Falkland by the collar, shook him, and threatened what he would do to him "if he went about slandering him in the manner he had done."

The refusal of Bell's Life to insert Heenan's letter, a copy of which I enclose [published in our last—E.D.], has not, I assure you, done that paper any good. Hundreds assert that it shows partiality, and that the editor is incapable of again standing referee. On account of the rumors that were prevalent that the Boy could not have continued the fight much longer, on account of having his eyes closed, the following letter was written by Dr. Rawlings and sent to Heenan:—

MORLEY'S HOME, 30th April, 1866.

DEAR SIR.—In answer to your request of this morning, relative to the journals who, in reporting the details of your contest with Mr. Sayers on Tuesday, stated that your eyes were blinded and rendered incapable of continuing the fight; I do hereby certify that I was called upon in the emergency, and immediately after the contest, to examine your eyes. The right eye was closed; but of the left, though swollen, the sight was clear and distinct.

To Mr. J. C. HEENAN.

Heenan went on Sunday to dine at How, with McDonald. On Monday, he went to Newmarket, and with him, witnessed "The Wizard" win the "Two Thousand Guineas." The Wizard started at 9 to 1 against him, whilst Tom Bowline was at 3 to 1, taken freely. Empire was scratched on Monday for that race. Satellite is still first favorite for the Chester, and Empire for the Derby. The Wizard was trained by John Scott, of Melton, and has been for some time completely out of the market. Tom Bowline, his stable companion, was backed freely at 3 to 1, whilst The Wizard was scarcely touched at 9 to 1.

In anticipation of another encounter between Heenan and Sayers, the latest betting in London, this evening, 6½ o'clock, ruled in favor of Heenan, 5 to 4 being laid freely on the Boy. Yours, J. C.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE.—It appears that four years since Tom Sayers pleaded guilty before Lord Campbell, at Ipswich, to an indictment charging him with a breach of the peace, and that he was bound over to come up for judgment when called upon to do so. This fact was communicated recently to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P., in a letter, which the Hon. and learned gentleman immediately laid before the Home Secretary. No formal notice was taken of the matter by the Home office, and as the day appointed for the Heenan-Sayers combat was fast approaching, a second letter was forwarded to Sir George Cornwall Lewis. In this second communication the facts were recapitulated, and the writer continued to observe:—

"It is not a question of mere interference to prevent a prize fight, although this fact is, in itself, a disgrace to the country, and inferentially to those who have the power to put an end to it and fail to do so. It is whether a formal proceeding of the Lord Chief Justice of England shall be treated as a mockery, after having been brought under the notice of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, by the 'slippery' state of affairs in which the offence was committed, and by him urged upon the serious attention of the Secretary. I have taken the liberty of putting the matter to you, sir, in this emphatic manner, because all my applications to your predecessors, in a more general manner, have been useless. Sir George Grey, indeed, informed me that it was as competent for me to prosecute pugilists as himself. A bench of magistrates have done so, and you see the results."

The reply returned in about a week was to the effect that "inquiry was being made," and at last, after further remonstrance, the following chilling ultimatum—dated, it will be seen, on the eve of the day memorabilia—was received:—

"Whitehall, April 16.

"Sir, I am directed by Secretary Sir George Lewis to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and to inform you that the Secretary of State has no power to call upon Thomas Sayers, under the recognizance into which he entered in 1862, to come up and receive judgment. That can only be done by the court; if he disobeys the order of the court to appear, his recognizance will be forfeited, and he may be taken into custody by the sheriff in default of payment. I am, sir, your obedient servant, G. CLIVE."

MORE DEVELOPMENTS OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT THOSE WHO WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN ROBING HEENAN OF HIS LAURELS.—Philadelphia, May 6th, 1866.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: Having been present at the late International contest, I may perhaps be allowed to offer a few statements in connection with the same. From the commencement of that contest, it was evident to me and to a friend by my side (a sporting gentleman of reliability, well known to you and many of your readers) that the determination had already been arrived at, not to let Heenan carry off the belt! In the movements of many on the English side, it was justly inferred that some "dodgy" state of affairs or other would be resorted to, and this was surely realized, first, at the conclusion of the 37th round, when Dowling, the referee, left the ring. Here, let me remark, by way of parenthesis, that so obviously premeditated was this action that no unprejudiced person could witness it without recording his condemnation, and coming to the conclusion that Mr. Dowling ought therefore to have been stripped of all authority in ruling the match. The plain truth is, that at the termination of the 37th round, Sayers was almost dead beat, with nearly all the "fight" out of him, and that, had the contest been allowed to proceed in a regular way a little longer, (which it should have been) the conquest must inevitably have been proclaimed on the side of Heenan. Spite of all that has been said to the contrary, our champion was yet in good condition, while the "slippery" state of Sayers only permitted him to receive punishment. Abundant evidence of this was rendered in the last three rounds, when the game little fellow, so far as his own power of operation went, could do nothing but "guard" and "feint." Now, Mr. Editor, let me say something about the persons who broke into the ring. They were not, as many suppose, of the rough and vulgar kind, but what are called "gentlemen"—dancers in the army and other individuals of fortune and social distinction, who had bet on the issue; and it was these who assisted in robbing the gallant Heenan, as already recorded by many persons who, like myself and friend, were present at the fight. Let the pitiful and cowardly act of these patrons stand upon the record. What could be more base or brutal for numbers to attack the heroic stranger, then surrounded by only a mere handful of his countrymen and friends? Let these facts be "ventilated," I say, and the lash be applied to the backs of those whose conduct has merited it, and whose names are in my possession, and at your service directly you may require them. Some eighteen men to one! Surely, such odds were never yet seen in the P. R. I. Another word as respects Dowling. He, I perceive, throws all the blame of the breaking up of the ring, upon the keepers. This is all untrue, and a subterfuge to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders. I will allow there was some excitement among the "contenders," but the affair did not assume any serious look until Dowling had "shot off." Then, knowing there could be no appeal from their cowardly acts, the mob came, and so stopped the fight. At this juncture, things would have looked bad for Heenan, had he been left without friends. Fortunately for him, he had some of these near him—his gallant trainer and seconds and a few sporting men of the right grit, from New York, New Orleans, Buffalo, and other places. In view of all I have here stated and all that Heenan has done, it is certainly contemptible that a few (and that a few) should have a word to say against the "Boy." Sayers himself remarked, the day after the fight, that whoever denied to Heenan any of the qualities of a first-rate fighter, "lied," and that a "more game" man could not exist. In conclusion, I would trust, in the event of another match between the champions, such steps will be taken as to ensure a prompt and a just award, if, after the recent example to the contrary, such a thing can be expected in England, in favor of Heenan.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. V. ANDREWS, Detroit.—This correspondent says that we are in error in stating that there was a chance of Sayers winning, and inferring solely to prevent his being defeated; he says that "no policeman would dare to look on as a breach of the peace without interfering." He would attempt to stop it, however great the odds against him; and provided the officers were not drunk or mad, he would certainly succeed. This may have been the case when "fair play" was the rule, but at the fight between Heenan and Sayers it was an indisputable fact that there were several policemen present soon after the fighting commenced, and they did not really interfere until about the 37th round, when the mob broke in the ring. *Bell's Life*, which you claim as authority states that "the police at this time (37th round) got closer," and in another part of the report, it acknowledges the presence of the police. We have also conveyed with two gentlemen who were present, and they assert positively that they noticed three policemen on the ground at an early stage of the fight, and that they seemed as intent on witnessing the battle, as any of the other spectators. Our correspondent is, no doubt, honest in his belief regarding the police, but the facts establish his error. Our correspondent also speaks, in sneering terms, of the disparity in the size of the men. He says "that for a Yankee to beat an Englishman it is necessary that he should possess the advantage of ten years in point of age, six inches in height, and God knows how many pounds in weight." It may be well enough to talk of these things now, but before the fight, the Sayers men did not regard these advantages in the least, but asserted positively that Tom would use up the American, large as he is, in short order. Be this as it may, however, John C. Heenan went to England to fight the champion of England, and if a small man held that position at the time, it was because he had beaten all the English prize fighters that defeated his claim, big and little, until there was no one left to contend with him. He had beaten all the big men that he had fought, beaten men of all weights, and all ages, and it was through this that he became champion. The "big American" has accomplished what big Englishmen failed in doing.

LOWER CORNER, West Amherst, Mass.—1. Game fowl are the most profitable to keep. 2. Their eggs contain more nourishment than those of other fowls. 3. It is not a bad sign for a cock to draw in his breath after crowing. 4. The derby cock is well thought of by sporting men generally. 5. A full blood game derby cock is either black or brown red, and the Earl preferred those with white legs. They are improved by crossing. 6. A first-rate pair of game fowl may be obtained for \$6. 7. We do not know the parties personally, but presume they are reliable.

H. P. J. Fulton, N. Y.—An emetic of four grains of ipecacuanha, will probably relieve your dog; and at the same time give three pills daily of the following ingredients:—Ext. belladonna, 6 to 24 grains, nitre, 1 to 4 scruples, extract of gentian, 1 to 4 drachms, powdered quinine a sufficient quantity. Mix in the above proportion, according to the size of your dog, and divide into 24 parts.

Nemur, Philad'a.—It is not customary to play partners at bluff, consequently there are no rules to govern such a mode of playing; but we, as well as several of our best players to whom the question was submitted, are of the opinion that the pair in the single hand being highest, wins the "pile," notwithstanding the two partners held a pair each of a lower denomination.

J. A. Lynessville, R. I.—1. Bettle and Sayers fought at their usual weights, we believe. The former at 140 lbs. and the latter at 152 lbs. 2. The Atlantic City New York on her first trip for Liverpool, Nov. 23, 1857. 3. Mace and Bettle met on the 4th ult. and signed articles to fight on Sept. 18th, for \$200 a side. 4. We don't know.

AMATEUR GARDMAN, N. Y.—1. Yours of the 6th was written doubtless before you had seen our last week's issue, which contained instructions on the very points on which you wish to be informed. 2. The lexicon in "Putnam's Rowers Manual" covers the ground referred to in your remarks about the book.

C. E. W., Greenfield, Mass.—Your suggestion that we should publish in book form our report of the recent fight, and other interesting matter contained in the "International Champion Clipper," will be taken into consideration, although our time is pretty well occupied just now in attending to our regular paper.

G. G. B., North Stratford.—1. In some cases the cabinet attend to that matter; in others, the President, with the advice of his cabinet. 2. Heenan's eye was not put out. 3. You will have to abide by the referee's decision. 4. Subscription expires with No. 20 of the present volume.

BULLY BOY, Brooklyn.—1. The Persia is the largest of the two, as you will perceive by the following dimensions of each: Persia, 39 1/2 long, 7 1/2 broad, and 3 1/2 deep. Niagara, 37 1/2 long, 5 1/2 broad, and 3 1/2 deep. 2. We know of no one who has given such as you wish, to dispose of.

WASHINGTON LIVING.—Your friend is correct; the rules of the London F. R. specify that the money shall be divided, but the point is a new thing here, it is but proper, perhaps, under the circumstances, to return to each man his own money. See ring depart.

FACED, Brooklyn.—1. The champion belt cannot be brought here unless its full value is left in London as security. 2. Had Sayers won the late fight, the belt would have become his own property. As it is now, however, he is not entitled to it, even though the three years had elapsed.

S. P., Point Burnell, C. W.—It is not contrary to rule to catch a man round the neck, and punish him when at the ropes, however, and the man may be in danger of being strangled, the referee can order the man to be separated. See last week's issue of the CLIPPER.

CONSENT BREAKER.—Both fights were conducted according to the rules of the London F. R. and there was no violation of the agreement of either in any respect, though not so as to conflict with the rules of the ring.

A CONSTANT READER, Philad'a.—In playing at forty-five, both parties being at thirty, the player making three tricks wins, as his opponent would not be entitled to the five for the highest trump until after the cards had all been played.

W. B., Lansingburgh.—The under bill of a cock will grow again if not broken too much; at least, sufficient to pick up large corn if the upper one is fished down to match it, but if very much broken, we are inclined to the opinion that it will not grow.

THURSTON, Boston.—1. Sayers' occupation previous to entering the ring was that of a bricklayer. 2. Tom was born in Philad'a, Brighton, England. Concerning his parents, an article will be found in another part of this issue.

G. H. T., Morrissey.—A letter to us, stating that he would fight no more, was sent to us after his fight with Heenan. Previous to that fight, however, Morrissey informed us, personally, that such was his intention, win or lose.

POUNTO, Philad'a.—If properly authenticated, and an assurance given us that the letter was really written by Nat Langham, we should be very happy to publish it in the CLIPPER, but without this assurance we must express our misgiving as to its genuineness.

M. M.—The difficulty between Heenan and Morrissey, in the vicinity of the Park, took place on the 12th of October, 1859. We are not aware as to which, if either, wished to have it out in the Park.

YOUNG HAMILTON.—If there was no time specified, you cannot compel him to shoot. It is plain that he cannot perform what he wagers he could do. You had better draw your money, and permit him to take his.

J. S. G., Rochester.—The Baltimore convention is to be a continuation of that recently held at Charleston, and the bet cannot be decided until the final adjournment of that body, or the nomination of a candidate.

LANSINGBURGH.—1. Bradley's height is six feet, and his weight, 100 lbs. Ranking height about the same, and weight, 180 lbs. 2. He got the name in California. 3. The champion of England gets no yearly salary, no matter how long he holds the office.

GEO. NORTON, Philad'a.—1. He was confined to his bed a portion of the time, but not wholly so. 2. He was in Philadelphia at last accounts. 3. Probably that he might be near to his second, and get his advice.

GROEN POINT.—The fight between Orville Gardner and Wm. Heenan took place at Patterson, Putnam County, N. Y., about 60 miles from New York on the Harlem Railroad.

J. W. C. T.—1. "Walker's Treatise on Boxing" published in last week's CLIPPER, your question answered. 2. Books are useful to a certain extent only. Practical illustrations are the best.

LIBERTY, Philad'a.—We do not consider it of sufficient interest for publication; and we do not believe the parties are desirous of seeing themselves in print, in such connection.

ST. CLAIR, Schuylkill Co., Pa.—1. See article on Sayers' fifth and percentage. 2. Heenan never fought a prize fight until he fought Morrissey.

STAKEHOLDER, Albany.—Sayers went into Heenan's corner oftener than Heenan went into Sayers'. Heenan in several instances purposely drawing him there.

BOAT HOOK.—We know of no such law. There may be some such local arrangement concerning champion flags, but we are not advised of any general rule on the subject.

J. L. T., Philad'a.—We would give your communication publicity, were it not that the same sentiments have been embodied in our own remarks.

J. O. T.—We don't know him by that name. You will see the movements of an actor named Fredericks, who formerly appeared in this city, recorded in our theatrical department this week.

C. M. G., Winchester.—We can send you a photograph of Heenan, but not in full length, nor in fighting costume, for \$1.50. The likeness is excellent.

P. B.—It is not "Mr. M. P. Phelan, the barber, that is on the Heenan-Financé Committee," but Mr. Michael Phelan, the Billiard Champion, the difference being that a *u* is more feeble than the other.

J. S. S., Kroyer.—You lose the first bet, as they did fight more than three quarters of an hour. With regard to your other bets, our opinion is that they are both drawn, the battle not being decided.

R. F. and J. D. Savannah, Ga.—The distance from Castle Garden to the City Hall is three quarters of a mile, from Castle Garden to the City Hall, about one quarter of a mile.

J. P. B. and J. McD., Philad'a.—There were six rounds fought.

E. P. M., Sandwich, Mass.—1. You were right, if they charged you that price. 2. It has only been decided what the testimonial shall consist of. See Ring Department.

A STORY WHO LOVES FAIR PLAY, Sherborn, La.—The same opinion is freely expressed all over the country. The back track has been taken, however.

G. W. E., Bowling, in his paper, did not report this speech as he delivered it at the meeting referred to. He said, "As an Englishman, I would say, back our countryman."

PAUL, Pittsburgh.—We have not made that phase of the subject a study, and are not sufficiently competent to give you advice on it. Why not put yourself under a proper instructor.

C. F. J., Albany.—We already have one challenge for his consideration. Yours will keep, we presume; at least until a forfeit is put up.

NON BOWING, Springfield.—The referee has not yet decided whether it was a draw or not. Our opinion is, that it will eventually be decided a draw.

TOMMY HOGGE, Philad'a.—The first fight between Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin occupied six minutes and a half, in which time three rounds were fought.

THEATRICAL.—1. Agnes Robinson is the wife of Dion Boucicault. 2. The lady is married, and her husband is Mr. Lutz. 3. Open on the 16th by Mr. Jefferson.

H. D. A., Geneva, Ill.—1. We have no record of such a fight. 2. Papers were sent to the parties named; let us know if you have received them.

T. R.—1. Jack McDonald was born in Dublin. 2. We do not remember his position, but believe he held some small office at the time.

N. L. C.—Hyar did not issue such a challenge during the time the Bradley and Rankin match was pending.

STAKEHOLDER, Canton, C. W.—It is a draw bet, and you had better return to each man his own stake.

G. P., Dover, N. H.—They sparred together at the National, Boston, on one occasion.

E. T. S., Davenport, Iowa.—All in good time. It requires a little touching up, and we have not had time to do it.

FRANKLIN, Trenton.—1. Your contribution received, and credited. 2. The subject is alluded to in our Ring Department.

K. F. W., Boston.—We cannot afford the space—it is published in the "Fights of Sayers and Heenan," price 25 cents.

W. R. F., Humestown, N. J.—Charley Lynch is an American. 2. We have no set engravings of Heenan.

L. B., Cambridgeport.—Your lines have been too hastily written, we imagine. We must respectfully decline them.

JAMES, Philad'a.—Wm. Conery, the cricketer, may be found by addressing him at Manchester, Conn.

HUBB, Columbus, O.—We have no space to devote to your report, especially as you have given us no names.

LOVER OF SPORT, St. Clair.—As police interference spoiled your sport, in the manner does it affect your item, its interest being lost.

BLATHESKITS, Philad'a.—We have already pointed out two instances which settled that he won the fight.

A HENANITE, Philad'a.—We have made some remarks on the subject elsewhere.

READER, Rochester.—The work may be procured by addressing Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York.

W. H. E., Chicago.—The one whose turn it is to play, but cannot, must keep on drawing, even though he is to draw the last piece.

CHICKEN.—The gentleman is not a professional, and therefore receives no wages.

J. K. F., Philad'a.—We do not think it advisable to publish your offer at present.

QUELL.—As we have not published his card, the reply you send us must also be omitted.

NEWS AGENT, Birmingham.—See record of Sayers' performances in our list.

J. C., Toronto.—You had better see your adversary, and make the matter in person—it will save time.

CLAYTON.—See Johnny Walker's treatise in our list. 2. It is not against the rules. 3. "Low Jack" goes out before "high game."

E. H., Rochester.—We are not positive, but think he may have been there.

J. N., Detroit.—Brown was the winner in his fight with McIntyre, at St. Louis.

P. F. M., Harrison, N. J.—Will let you know should we hear of a customer.

S. A. K.—1. We cannot inform you. 2. See remarks on Base Ball in another column.

J. S., Woodcocket, R. I.—The referee at last accounts had not given a decision on the fight.

G. D. E., New Canaan, Conn.—Papers received. Send us your address, written more plainly, please.

SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—See elsewhere. We shall be happy to receive your contribution.

J. CLARK WELLS.—The whereabouts of this gentleman is required by his mother. Can any one give us the information.

CHARLES H. L.—1. Sheridan is the author. 2. Don't know where he is.

C. B. H., Brooklyn.—We know nothing definite of the party you mention. Will ascertain their whereabouts and let you know.

U. C. F., Cohoes.—It was not preserved, supposing you had retained a copy.

J. M., Grand Haven, Mich.—Our opinion is that no player can "go alone" when his partner "assists."

ORRILL.—1. Caused by an imputed insult to Forrest, by Macready, in England. 2. Apply to a book dealer.

T. H. M., Boston.—The fight not being decided at all, the bet is off, each party getting his own money back.

W. C. B.—Have been unable to ascertain where the lady is at present.

R. N., Troy.—In his fight with Sullivan, one of the bones in Hammer Lane's right fore arm was completely fractured.

PETER JONES, Freeholdtown.—We have not room for your report.

FRANK.—J. W. Albright is manager of the Gayety Theatre, Albany.

E. G. G., Washington.—Send a forfeit, and the offer will appear.

COUNTY SKINKER, Philad'a.—See editorial remarks in this paper.

J. S. H., Lake Providence, La.—He was born in New York city.

J. S., Wilmington.—A whale is an animal; but a shark is a fish.

WHAT IS IT?—Nat Langham fought and defeated Tom Sayers.

OLD SPORT, Zanesville.—We have no record of the best time.

HERBERT, Columbus, O.—We have too many already on hand.

PORT BILL.—Those private matters we know nothing about.

AN OLD SUPPORTER, Philadelphia.—Have made an item of it.

G. W. C., Tonawanda, N. Y.—Bradley is in Philadelphia.

AMATEUR, Manchester, N. H.—H. L. means "hands lost."

BONITA.—You will find the point answered in our last.

J. C. HILL.—The party making "high low" goes out.

J. S. McKAY, Boat Builder.—We have a letter for you.

S. D. G., Newark, Del.—Freight and all, about \$5.50.

MADISON, Ind.—It is a catch, and goes for nothing.

M. J. D.—A B is better than three of a kind.

NIMS, Brooklyn.—We have room on the wall.

BROOKLYN BOY.—See answer to "Thelgie."

L. E. E., Polsgrove, Ill.—No. 30, vol. 8.

MATIA.—We have noticed the shaver.

SPORT.—You can make them yourself.

J. G., Chicago.—You don't mean it.

LIBERTY BOY.—He is an American.

WEST MICHIGAN.—About 168 lbs.

J. G. and E. H., Philad'a.—The bet is a draw, neither man winning.

SAVERS NOT OF IRISH DESCENT.—It has heretofore been the general opinion, in America as well as England, that Tom Sayers is of Irish descent. In the House of Commons, recently, it was also stated by a member that Sayers' ancestors were Irish. These statements are pronounced by the father of Tom Sayers to be utterly untrue—he says that "he (Mr. Sayers the elder) was born at Steyning, Sussex, England, and his ancestors for many years were inhabitants of the same county. Tom's mother, also, and her family were Sussex people." The Sayers family appear somewhat indignant at the idea of being represented as of Irish origin. This will answer several of our correspondents who seem to have been puzzled concerning the origin of Tom.

PLANET'S GREAT CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Mr. Jones, one of the editors of the "Old Spirit," and who is now on his travels, writes to his paper as follows:

MY DEAR GENTLEMEN—I am authorized by Mr. James Jackson, of Alabama, to publish the following:—
Mr. Jones and Mr. W. Deswell having challenged Daniel Boone to run four mile heats with him at Virginia, for \$20,000, against \$10,000, or \$20,000 a side if run at Charleston, the undersigned accept the challenge, and will run Daniel Boone against Planet on the terms named, over the Ashland Course, Virginia, during the month of October next. Or they will give the same odds if the Sayers men will match Laura Farns against Fanny Washington, three mile heats, for \$5,000 or \$10,000. The forfeit will be deposited at any time and place the Deswell party may name.

NEWARK, TENN., May 2, 1860.

Now that the challenge has been accepted, we hope that nothing may occur to prevent the proposed grand race from coming off as proposed.

"HEENAN TESTIMONIAL FUND."

A preparatory meeting of the friends of John C. Heenan was held at the Mails, 13th street and Broadway, on the 7th inst., at which there was a fair attendance. A Finance Committee was appointed to collect subscriptions to the proposed Heenan Fund. This Committee met to perfect their arrangements on the 11th, and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to wait on Duncan, Sherman & Co., to request them to receive on deposit all contributions to the Heenan Testimonial Fund, and to hold the same subject to the order of John C. Heenan.

Resolved, That all persons who are authorized to collect monies for the above purpose shall make weekly returns to Mr. Houghtaling, the gentleman named as Treasurer at the last meeting.

Resolved, That the members of the Finance Committee be authorized to receive on their subscription books the names or initials of such parties who may prefer sending their subscriptions to the banking house selected to receive deposits.

The above resolutions were adopted, and the following gentlemen selected as the committee: Michael Phelan, James Irving, Frank Queen.

The above committee waited upon Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., on the 12th, and made arrangements with them to receive on deposit all contributions to the Fund. The committee, therefore, respectfully give notice that contributions may be forwarded direct to the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., or to either of the following named members of the Finance Committee:

Geo. Wilkes, *Wilkes' Spirit*, Moffatt's Building.
Frank Queen, *Clipper* office, 29 Ann street.
Michael Phelan, cor. Broadway and 10th street.
S. T. Webster, City Inspector's office, 19 City Hall square.
H. W. Genet, cor. Chambers and Centre streets.
John Garland, No. 6 Centre street.
Cor. W. Campbell, cor. Thirteenth st. and Broadway.
Edmund Jones, 26 John street.
George Mountray, cor. 52d st. and Third avenue.
Allen Conroy, 101 Nassau street.
Alex. Mason, cor. of Hudson and Barrow streets.
Jas. Irving, Washington Market.
C. Bryant, Bryant's Minstrels.
John Tipper, Dexter House, Broome street.
Thomas Burns, Staten Island.
Hiram Woodruff, Long Island.
Theodore E. Tomlinson, *Porter's Spirit*.
George Hill.
John Gazley, West st., three doors from Robinson.
Charles E. Miles, Lafayette House.

A public meeting was held on the evening of Monday, 14th inst., at Goldbeck's Hall, 765 Broadway, but as we go to press on that evening, we are unable to give a report of the proceedings.

We understand that meetings are to be held in other cities, and fitting testimonials raised to be presented to John C. Heenan on his return to America.

It has not yet been settled what shape these testimonials shall take, but from the fact that the money received will be placed in bank to the Boy's credit, it is evident that he is to have a voice in the matter himself, and very properly we think. It has been suggested that a house and lot be purchased for him, and made ready for his reception and occupancy as soon as he arrives. We like this, too, and hope that the suggestion may meet with the approval of Mr. Heenan.

From our correspondence, however, we glean that there is a general desire that a "Gold Champion-Belt of the World" be presented to him as a "National Testimonial" to his courage and gentlemanly deportment under all the difficulties which have surrounded him since his arrival in England; this Belt to be subscribed for by every State in the Union. Parties have written to us from various sections of our country, intimating their readiness to contribute towards a "Gold National Belt," the said Belt to remain the property of Heenan forever. A very beautiful Gold Belt, with suitable inscription and embellishments, can be manufactured for one thousand dollars, and as this sum will be but a small portion of the grand total which will be contributed to the Heenan Fund, and will give great satisfaction to the American people generally, we think we may with confidence assert that the "Champion-Belt of the World" will form one of the testimonials to be presented to J. C. Heenan.

We beg to give notice, therefore, that contributions for the Belt and General Fund may be forwarded to either of the members of the above named committee, or to the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

As one of the committee, we respectfully notify our readers one and all that we shall be happy to hear from them in the way of subscriptions, and will record in each issue of the CLIPPER the names of subscribers and amount of subscriptions received at the CLIPPER office. Never mind how small the sum may be, it will be as thankfully received as larger amounts. Our book is now ready, and we beg to offer the following as a commencement, from our subscription book:—

"JOHN C. HEENAN TESTIMONIAL."
The personal friends and professional admirers of the acknowledged "Champion of the World" are respectfully advised that the bearer of this subscription list, Mr. FRANK QUEEN, is a member of the Finance Committee (Heenan Testimonial Fund) and as such is duly authorized to solicit and accept contributions in aid of the object of our organization.

Signed, JAMES M. TURNER, Chairman, JOHN HOUGHTALING, Treasurer.

Subscriptions thus far received at the CLIPPER office:—
Frank Queen, New York, \$100. "Franklin," Trenton, \$1.
James Cule, " " 10 Wm. Waite, Coventry, R. I., 1.
J. C. Hendley, " " 2 H. T. New York, 1.
Miss S. C., Philadelphia, 5 An Englishman, 1.
Now that the thing is fairly under way, we trust that our friends at home and abroad will assist in swelling the "Fund" to a large amount.

In England, the "Sayers Fund" has already assumed a "healthy look," as the following list will show:—

The Earl of Stamford, £100 0 0	Viscount Andover, £2 5 0
His Grace the Duke of Bedford, 50 0 0	Bernal, 5 0 0
The Earl of Glasgow, 50 0 0	Charles Curzon, 5 0 0
The Earl of Chesterfield, 50 0 0	Charles Greville, Esq., 5 0 0
The Earl of Annesley, 10 0 0	The Hon. Col. Forrester, 5 0 0
Viscount Clarendon, 10 0 0	John Sulley, Esq., 5 0 0
The Earl of Coventry, 10 0 0	Capt. Peyton, 5 0 0
Viscount Exmouth, 10 0 0	Fenwick, Esq., 5 0 0
The Earl of Strathmore, 10 0 0	N. Padwick, Esq., 5 0 0
The Earl of Portsmouth, 10 0 0	T. Roberts, 10 0 0
Count Bathurst, 10 0 0	Mr. C. Perry, 10 0 0
Lord Courtenay, 10 0 0	Mr. H. Hill, 5 0 0
The Hon. Admiral Rous, 10 0 0	Messrs. Morris and A. Maughan, 20 0 0
Lord Paget, 10 0 0	Mr. James Smith, 10 0 0
G. Payne, Esq., 10 0 0	Mr. Jackson, 10 0 0
The Earl of Wicheles, 10 0 0	The Wagoner, 10 0 0
W. E. S. Crawford, Esq., 20 0 0	Mr. John Gifford, 10 0 0
The Earl of Lincoln, 10 0 0	Mr. Henry Bonnett, 10 0 0
Capt. Little, 10 0 0	R. Ten Broeck, Esq., 5 0 0
Graham Smith, Esq., 10 0 0	Mr. J. Marshall, 5 0 0
Capt. Talbot, 10 0 0	Mr. J. Bennett, 5 0 0
H. Savile, Esq., 10 0 0	A Friend, 5 0 0
Sir W. Courtenay, 10 0 0	
T. W., 20 0 0	Total, £285 0 0

THE RING.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

Progress of Events in England.

SAYERS COMPLETELY DISABLED.
NO PROBABILITY OF ANOTHER MATCH.
The Plotters Cornered.

THE REFEREE IN A TIGHT PLACE.

We have had a budget of English letters and papers since our last, and the most important items of the news contained in them may be found on our first page. Sayers' defeat is rendered still more clear by the certificate of two surgeons, which states that Sayers will not be able to use his arm for two months, and probably more; yet this is the man who was so valiantly proclaimed as ready to fight again at the shortest notice. The truth of it is, the state of Sayers' injured arm was well known by his friends when Dowling, the referee, so mysteriously left his post at the ring side. Another certificate has been published, which records the fact that Heenan's remaining eye was not blinded at all, showing that he would have fought for some time longer. It seems to be the impression that this "two months' certificate" of Sayers is merely a ruse to carry him beyond the time when his three years will have elapsed, and then the Belt will become his own individual property. If such a ruse is intended, it will be vain, for by no force of reasoning can Sayers become the owner of the Belt, under existing circumstances. The match between Heenan and Sayers is for \$2000 and the Champion Belt—the fight took place, but was left undecided—the match is, therefore, still in abeyance, and until the battle is fought out, the Belt and stakes belong as much to Heenan as to Sayers. If, when the 16th of June shall have arrived, and the holder of the Belt should decide that it is then the private property of Sayers, by virtue of his having defended it for the term specified, three years, he should also hand him over the battle money, for they are one and the same stake; but he can do neither—the match for the Champion Belt of England is still in progress, and the Belt cannot be delivered up to Sayers until fairly won in battle. Thus, then, we see that all the dirty schemes to rob Heenan of his laurels and place them upon the brow of Sayers, have utterly failed.

Will there be another fight, then? We think not. Heenan has made a formal demand for the Belt, or for the champion of England to come forth and defend it again; but his demand is unheeded. The man Dowling replies that the Boy's demand for the Belt is preposterous—while Sayers, with his right arm in a sling, and armed with a certificate of his inability to fight for two months or more, cannot come to time again. His position is almost as humiliating as that of the referee. The Champion of England cannot defend the Belt, owing to injuries received at the hands of the American Champion; while the latter, injured, is once more ready and anxious to assert his superiority. A London correspondent informs us, that, in anticipation of another fight between the two men, Heenan is the favorite in the betting, and *five to four* was laid *freely* on the Boy! This tells the tale. It is a sure indication that Heenan is looked upon as the better man. If, as Dowling and some of his pals assert, Sayers had the best of the fight, why this great change in the betting? No! no, it won't answer. The state of the betting is a safe gauge of public sentiment in England, and knowing that Heenan will make shorter work of it should the battle be renewed, the champion and his friends are resorting to all sorts of dodges to prevent another meeting. First, they put the champion's arm in a sling—then they induce the Government to put forth the strong arm of the law, and a threat is made that if another fight is attempted, all parties will be punished severely. This latter will doubtless have the effect to stop further proceedings.

But what is to become of the Belt? Sundry propositions have been made, and at last one has been hit upon which, in our opinion may settle the difficulty. It is this—that two belts, *fac simile* of the original—be manufactured, and paid for by public subscription; that one of these belts be presented to Heenan, and the other to Sayers; and that the original Champion Belt remain in the hands of the stakeholder, to be fought for by any one who puts in a proper claim. It is stated that Heenan has acceded to this; but Sayers' answer had not been received at last advices. It is thought, however, that the plan will be adopted. It is certainly the most fair that has been proposed, seeing that there is no probability of Heenan's just demand for the Belt being recognized. Poor Dowling is in a terrible bother—he knows and feels that he has acted unfairly towards the American, yet rather than recede from the step he has taken, he will stand the hazard of the die, and brave it out in the most ignominious manner. In the last issue of his paper received here, we find a score of what purport to be communications, almost every one of which is an attack on Heenan, or an attempt to bolster up the shameful conduct of the referee. Dowling himself again asserts that he has been present when Heenan struck Sayers while the latter was upon his second's knee, he would have decided against him. He purposely forgets, however, that he would have been required by the rules to decide against Sayers before this occurred, for the latter violated the rules by not obeying the call of time, his disabled condition being such as to prevent his being brought round in proper season; the section providing that the man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds after the call of "Time," shall be deemed to have lost the battle. In fact, Sayers could not come at all for the last round, and that is why Heenan went to his corner, and demanded that his seconds should send up their man, or throw up the sponge in token of defeat. It was at this precarious moment that the mob and police brutally robbed the American of those rights, which the champion of England in fair fight was unable to deprive him of.

And what a pitiable spectacle do the friends of Sayers, and the people of Great Britain, present at this moment. In their sympathy for their beaten champion, not as a reward, the English people are bestowing testimonials upon Sayers in the most lavish manner, hoping by these substantial tokens to heal the wounds inflicted upon the British nation through the defeat of their champion by the gallant American "Boy," John C. Heenan! The latter, with a handful of friends, still maintains his ground against a nation. The press, money, and even government threats have been brought to bear against him; but in the face of all obstacles he stands unflinchingly upon the broad platform of right, and claims only that which is justly his due. He is a true type of the American character, and valiantly has he battled in behalf of American rights. Let them keep their belt—let them nurse and feast their beaten champion—"there is a sure reward for the noble and the brave" American Champion of the World when he returns home, and receives the ovations of his own countrymen.

In regard to outside bets, it may be well to remark that they are "off," so that stakeholders should at once return the money held by them to those parties from whom it was received. It is one of the rules of the London Ring, that where a battle is not resumed the same week, outside bets shall be put together, and divided, and so we have answered several correspondents of late. It may be well to remark, however, that this law is somewhat new to the American people, many of whom laid odds without having the slightest knowledge concerning the rule; and, probably, had they been aware of its existence, they would not have given odds. In view of these facts, we would suggest that each man shall have the full amount of his stake returned to him, and thus prevent a multitude of disputes. We have seen disposed of all stake money entrusted to us, and we presume others will do the same. All bets, therefore, on the recent fight, are declared drawn, and the money should at once be given up by stakeholders.

It will be seen by the annexed card that the "Staleybridge Infant," who challenged Heenan before the late fight, seems desirous of getting on a match with him, and the Boy appears disposed to humor him: HEENAN AND THE STALEYBRIDGE CHILD.—We have received the following letter—"Mr. Editor: A few weeks since I wrote and challenged Heenan to fight for \$2000 a side, the fight to come off about the end of September or the beginning of October, in earnest of which I staked \$10 in your hands. MacDonald, on the part of Heenan, covered this with a like amount, and accepted the challenge, stating at the same time that if I did not increase the deposit to \$25 before the 30th of April, he would claim forfeit. I immediately complied with his request, but MacDonald has not yet covered this amount, but he now states, through your columns, that he wishes the fight to come off in four months from the 1st of May. This I cannot possibly agree to. Now, sir, what I want answering is, 'Does MacDonald, on the part of Heenan, intend proceeding with the match; if so, why has he not forwarded articles, according to

my oft-repeated request, for my signature?' All I want is an answer one way or the other. Hoping you will give insertion to this in your next, I remain, yours truly, Samuel Hurst."—Jack MacDonald has covered the \$25, and says Heenan shall forward articles to Hurst to fight three months after his next meeting with Tom Sayers. He does not consider himself bound to wait six months, and in this we agree that he is fully justified.

Our advice to Heenan is, to have nothing more to do with the English Prize Ring. Nothing can be gained by entering into a fresh match with others, and the best thing the Boy can do is to return home.

As we surmised in our last, Morrissey's sudden departure from England created much surprise, and a portion of the press were rather sarcastic in their remarks upon his unlooked for taking off. On our first page will be found an article on the subject.

A challenge has been issued by Edward Price, of Boston, to fight Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight for \$3000 a side. Here it is:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

CHALLENGE TO JOHN MORRISSEY.—Boston, Mass., May 7, 1860.—I, Ned Price, will fight John Morrissey, a fair stand-up fight, according to the latest rules of the London P. R., for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000) a side. The match to take place at any time within six months from the time of signing parties. The Editor of the *Clippers*, or any other responsible party that may be agreed upon, to be stakeholder. If the above sum is not large enough for Mr. Morrissey's consideration, let him be kind enough to state the amount he will fight for. If not accepted by him, challenges from other parties will not be recognized. An answer from Mr. Morrissey will be eagerly attended to.

Whether it will be accepted or not, we cannot yet determine. We understand, however, that Morrissey has signified his intention not to fight for less than \$10,000. It will be seen that Price requests Morrissey to name the sum he will fight for, should he refuse the offer of \$3000.

Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion of England, is out with another challenge, as follows:

threw up the sponge, and Harry was declared the winner in 36 minutes. Harry jumped over the ropes, but soon returned, shook his head, and took up a collection amounting to \$100. Harry's friends were very much disappointed, and in the end, he was out of shape, and a few bumps on his ribs. Mike's eyes were both closed, and his face dreadfully punished; he also suffered severe punishment on the ribs and mark. It is clear that he was no match for his more experienced antagonist, still, he took his licking gamely, and has proved himself to be a clever man; he was once, in the early days of his career, and when he was in quite comfortable. After a very pleasant ride we reached the city.

CHALLENGE.—Criswell, better known as Bendigo's Novice, will fight the Bolton Trotter, for \$150 or \$200, if he will confine himself to 140 lbs. Money ready at the Boston House, Philadelphia, May 10, '60.

CHALLENGE.—I, Jim Brown, of Cleveland, will fight Pat Carroll, for \$200 or \$250, in six or eight weeks from the first deposit—\$100 to take place in Canada, according to the rules of the London Ring. Editor of the *Clippers* to be stakeholder. Philadelphia, May 10, '60.

NEW JERSEY NOT FAVORABLE TO PUNISH.—We are informed in one of our Pennsylvania Exchanges, that recently, a couple of citizens of the Keystone State went over to Cooper's Creek, N. J., to arrange a dispute, a la Heenan and Sayers, after which they returned, followed by a representative of N. J. Jersey law, into whose hands they were consigned. Since then, they have been tried and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. From this, it seems that a law is not at all favorable to those persons who "travel on their muscle."

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE FIGHT, IN PERSPECTIVE.—Mr. Editor: The great international struggle for the champion of the world has been fought, and fairly won by America's gallant son, John C. Heenan. Notwithstanding the serious disadvantage he has labored under at home and abroad, he has covered himself with glory for the future, whether he himself be swindled out of the belt or not. He has certainly proved himself no cowardly braggart. I am pleased to see the *Clippers* present so bold a front on the recent outrageous and unmanly conduct of the English sportsmen. You are deserving of the plaudits of all true Americans for your unceasing efforts in behalf of Heenan from the commencement of the match. All honor to the *Clippers* and the gallant *Heenan*. The greatest indignation exists here against the unmanly and cowardly conduct of Dowling, the referee. He says he should have decided against Heenan had he been present when Sayers' eye was closed in the fourth round. They then broke the rule, or part of a rule, that would have given him such power. But I have no doubt he would have done so, notwithstanding. I suppose he would have been well paid for such an unlawful and contemptible decision. If this is a specimen of "fair play," and may the best man win, I think the thing is about played out in England. We wonder that Heenan was not killed, instead of the treatment he received. It is not on the programme for him to sue, and I will maintain one of your correspondents say, that Heenan could never win the belt, as he knew what his John Bull friends could and would do to prevent such a calamity.

Had Sayers been the favorite in the latter part of the fight at ten to one as Heenan was, the ring would have been kept clear, most certainly, and Sayers would have won. To prove this, we need only refer to the last battle between Spring and Langdon. The ring was broken up in the sixth round, and they fought for two hours after, and as Spring was able to pull through, they allowed the fight to be finished. It was the opinion of many that had Mike received fair play in his fight with Cribb he could have won, but he was not a gentleman, and was well used. You remember that Tom Sayers told Bob Cantel that he might see him and his wife, a mother and a child, but Dowling says it's untrue. I will admit Jim Ward and one of his swift call him a *spoon without handle*. Many of the friends of Sayers here say it's no credit for Heenan to whip a small man like him. No Englishman, it seems, could be expected to cope with the gallant champion, and when Heenan accepts the *defi*, the odds were 2 to 1 on Sayers, and Sayers was expected to lose it all in an hour. Mr. Gilson has said that Sayers was the best man that ever lived, and that he could not be denied that Heenan is his master at all points. We want no better authority on this point than the gallant Jim Ward. We hope that Heenan will return home, and let his friends in America present him with a much better belt than the one he so honorably won in England. We all know that the glory of Heenan is in England, and that he has no prospect for Heenan to get on with Morrissey, who has so injured himself by his conduct towards the Boy in England. His friends in this locality are few and growing gloomily less every day, and an intense desire is manifested to see him matched with the champion of the world, John C. Heenan. Yours, truly, A. SAM. Pittsburgh, May 10th, 1860.

SYMPATHY WITH SAYERS.—WHAT IS IT FOR.—VICTORY OR DEFEAT.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: Sir.—The newspapers just now are full of information relative to the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. Our exchanges from the "other side," in particular, give us details in plenty, all bearing upon the honors that have been offered to Sayers. In the first place, it is a subscription for him at the stock exchange; then, ditto, in no less an august assembly than the British House of Commons; again, on a public square, not to say anything of the collateral aid furnished elsewhere and by other persons as faithfully recorded in the English and European newspapers. The reason alleged for all this, is the "game," "bottom," "gallantry," &c., of the white English Champion—qualities which every unprejudiced person will allow he has thoroughly proved himself the possessor of. So far so good. But, meanwhile, we would respectfully put the question, why is John C. Heenan, the man who, at least, has been fairly recorded in the English and European newspapers, the object of something like the ovation that has been offered to Sayers. But he stands the record! Simply, this, is—that, while Sayers has been cheered by material aid and the good will of the English people, all testimony to the fact that he has been fairly beaten, and that his victory is a mere mockery, and that his friends are only a few more of the same old story. Yet, let me not be too hasty. Sir, after all the pomp and blarney, may not the cause be true, and not a true champion's victory, and prize in the victor, but to put the contrary sentiments of humiliation for defeat, and sympathy with the defeated. For my own part, watching the turn of affairs as I have, this conclusion has been forced upon me, and thus, as a natural consequence, I have been behind. Judged by that, the position of John C. Heenan is that of a victor in a double sense; at the same time, that all the so-called "enthusiasm" heaped upon Sayers goes far to prove his loss. Help to a beaten man has many a time been misinterpreted into congratulation for a conqueror. May we not have a sample of it in this case? I have advertised for it. A NON-CONTESTANT.

JESSE TO HEENAN.—DEAR CLIPPER: It now appears a settled fact that the Champion's Belt is beyond the reach of John C. Heenan, inasmuch as it is semi-officially announced that the government will pay a second round to the victor, and the money will be paid, while many descendants of Waterloo heroes, who won England's battles, are pining in poverty, thousands of pounds are being showered upon the beaten pugilist. Americans must be by this time convinced that English "fair play" is all on one side, and unless the belt be surrendered, I hope and trust to American will be as enough to let the victor have the belt, and let the beaten man have a decent description, where any contingency of like success is dependent on English "fair play." This thimble rigging of the English with respect to their championships is an old game. When Paul Morphy visited England he expected to meet Staunton, the English chess champion; but that individual, a lover of true British "fair play," dodged, pretended, and was paid to make a meeting impossible. In fact, he was paid to enter the list, and Morphy, and would doubtless claim superiority over the American had not the generous German player, Anderson, honestly proclaimed our champion invincible. Now we have it in our power to show what Americans think of this dastardly conduct. Tom Sayers will shortly visit America on a speculation. He has received money enough from his countrymen to last him the rest of his life. Sayers, every man on this side of the water make up his mind to another curiosity and refrain from visiting any of his exhibitions, until either the champion's belt is given to Heenan, or Sayers agrees to fight for it on this side of the Atlantic. What do you think of this? Yours, &c., A TRUE AMERICAN.

May 12th, 1860.

TRAINING QUARTERS.—Boston, May 11th, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—I was very glad to read in this week's *Clippers*, the suggestions of your Philadelphia correspondent, J. R. B., and the editorial remarks thereon. There are a considerable number of persons in this country suffering from nervous derangements, yet whose vital organs are sound, and their muscles capable of great development. In most cases of nervous dyspepsia—where the nerves connected with the stomach, and the organs themselves, are affected—a judicious course of diet and exercise on the system pursued by trainers would effect a speedy cure, and the experience derived from such a course would be of great benefit to the subject as a guide for future conduct. If trainers of this kind should go through a course of regular training, and afterward take a little daily exercise at the gymnasium or elsewhere, avoiding the habit of stuffing the stomach with trash, such as rot gut, hot bread, &c., we should soon hear very little of the physical degeneracy of the American people. Now is the time for the right kind of a man to start such an institution, as the late fight has initiated a large class of people into the mysteries of training who never had any idea of it before.

Yours truly,

GEORGE WILSON.

SPARKING IN ST. LOUIS.—A very good one, and we are glad to learn, successful sparring exhibition, was given at Curran's Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on the 7th inst. The exhibition was gotten up and conducted to its desirable issue mainly by the exertions of Jake Esler, of the Bowery Concert Hall, St. Louis. Johnny Roberts officiated as M. C. The sparring generally was of a good description, and gave general satisfaction, the best of the bouts being those between Grimes and Pat Collins, Johnny Roberts and Joe Morley, Jerry Donahue and Reddy and B. and F. McCarthy, the last being adjudged the best of the evening. W. B. Cavanaugh returned thanks to the audience in behalf of Mr. Heenan, and announced the wheel-up between the benefactor and Fred Whitehead. This produced an excellent set-off, Whitehead being an excellent sparrer, and going on the hit-and-get-away principle, and Heenan standing square up, and covering himself like a brick. With cheers for the white and leaders, the most enthusiastic cheers for John C., and an offer to bet \$3000 that he would win the next fight, the large audience departed highly satisfied with the entertainment.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT.—Yesterday morning soon after 4 o'clock, a prize fight came off in Indiana, near New Albany, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The principals were Robert Rollins, alias Flying Dutchman, and John Welch, the Wild Irishman from New Orleans. The latter had sent a formal challenge to the former to meet and fight him a pitched battle in accordance with the rules of the London ring, for whatever purse of money could be made, or for a whiff of a cigar, and pure love of the sport. The challenge was promptly accepted by Flying Dutchman, who agreed to meet and fight him to lose who was the best man. He was seconded by Jack Sanders, the London Tio, and Welch was groomed by Dublin Trick No. 2. They met across the river, and fought 83 rounds, the Flying Dutchman proving to be the conqueror in 1 hour and 57 minutes. His weight was 160 pounds, while the other pulled down 171. Neither was in good condition, but made a hard and bloody fight. The Flying Dutchman claimed the best of it in the first 13 rounds, flooring the Irishman every time, and battering his face awfully. The latter in turn sent the Wild Irishman to grass 47 times, inflicting terrible body blows, and after the 83 rounds Welch refused to again come to time, and Rollins was declared

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL CHESS CORRESPONDENTS, who have furnished stamps and address, and a great many others, for the last three or four weeks, have been answered by mail; and all who will furnish the requisites named will continue to be so answered, for the present.

CONSTANT READER.—It is because a King can never place himself in peril.

CORRECTIONS OF KLING, No. 14.—ENIGMA No. 224.

BY JOHN M'LEAN.



PROBLEM No. 224.—TOURNAMENT No. 39.

BY JAMES P. OGDEN.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 224.

Brilliant skirmish between our contributor G. H. D., (giving Q R) and another amateur of Philadelphia.

SCOTT GAMBIT DECLINED.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
G. H. D.	Amateur.	G. H. D.	Amateur.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	11. K to B 3	Q to K 5
2. K to K 3	P to K 3	12. K to B 3	Q to K 5
3. P to K 4	P to K 3	13. B to K 4	P to K 3
4. K to B 4	K to K 2	14. Q to K 5	P to K 3
5. Q to P 3	P to K 3	15. Q to K 5	P to K 3
6. Q to K 5	P to K 3	16. K to K 3	P to K 3
7. Q to K 4	P to K 3	17. K to K 3	P to K 3
8. Castles	P to K 3	18. K to K 3	P to K 3
9. K to E 5	Q to K 2	19. K to K 3	P to K 3
10. Q to K 3	Q to K 2		

Notes.—By G. H. D.

- (a) If going to evade the gambit, P to Q 3 had been better, but anything else entangles the Defence more than taking the P.
 (b) Gathering the men's rapidly around his antagonist.
 (c) He will now lose a piece; had he gone to K to mate followed.
 (d) This was a clear piece; had he taken with K, he would have been put through the following exercise:
13. K to K 3, K to B 3 (1), 15. Q to B 3, K to K 2 (2).
 14. K to K 3, K to B 3 (1), 16. Q to B 3, K to K 2 (2).
 (1) If he tries 14. K to B 2, K to R 4 winning the piece and better position.
 (2) If 15. K to his 3d, Q to B 5th, and mates next move.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—By Henry Spayth: pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price \$2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address Frank Queen, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall continue to reply briefly to our friends, unless space forbids it—on the ground that a short answer is better than none.
 A GLASGOW CHAPPI. The position is a good one. By turning your diagram up side down, you caused us to assume a like position. Losing sight of the fact that the board had been changed, we played the last single White man towards his own side of the board, which would of course draw the game. Please to play the Black men on the upper side of the board in future.

EXPRESS, HARRY LESURE, and all others are respectfully referred to the above explanation.

MARY E. M.—Positions received—thanks.

A LOVER OF DRAUGHTS.—Ditto.

MARS, Wilmington, Del.—Please forward your next move, together with your address, to Harry Lesure, Kensington P. O., Pa.

HARRY LESURE, Philadelphia.—Card mislaid.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 4.—VOL. VIII.

By "WILL BOY," of Oswego.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 19 to 15	3. 7 to 23	9 to 13	
2. 1 to 7	4. 23 to 19, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 6.—VOL. VIII.

By "ROB ROY."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 28 to 24	20 to 27	3. 15 to 22	23 to 26
2. 11 to 8	3. 19 to 16	4. 22 to 31, and draws.	

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ULIO AND PATRICK.

Black.—Ulio.	White.—Patrick.
24. 15 to 19	8 to 3
25. 10 to 15	

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFAUNCE.

Black.—Ulio.	White.—Patrick.
6. 11 to 16	17 to 13
7. 4 to 8	22 to 18
8. 9 to 14	18 to 9
9. 5 to 14	29 to 25

POSITION No. 7.—VOL. VIII.

BY A GLASGOW CHAPPI.

Dedicated to a Glasgow Chappi.

BLACK.

WHITE.—(Will Boy)

White to move and win.

Some time since we pronounced this position drawable. We revoke this decision—the error being on our part, caused by the Diagram being reversed, which led us to play the White man backward, thus making a King and escaping into the Double Corner.

BLACK.

WHITE.—(Will Boy)

White to play and draw.

Some time since we pronounced this position drawable. We revoke this decision—the error being on our part, caused by the Diagram being reversed, which led us to play the White man backward, thus making a King and escaping into the Double Corner.

BLACK.

WHITE.—(Will Boy)

White to play and draw.

Some time since we pronounced this position drawable. We revoke this decision—the error being on our part, caused by the Diagram being reversed, which led us to play the White man backward, thus making a King and escaping into the Double Corner.

BLACK.

WHITE.—(Will Boy)

White to play and draw.

Some time since we pronounced this position drawable. We revoke this decision—the error being on our part, caused by the Diagram being reversed, which led us to play the White man backward, thus making a King and escaping into the Double Corner.

BLACK.

WHITE.—(Will Boy)

GAME No. 4.—VOL. VIII.

BY A GLASGOW CHAPPI.

THE WHITTIER.

Dedicated to Mr. O. Dutton.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	12. 15 to 31	30 to 25
2. 7 to 11	22 to 17	13. 31 to 22	26 to 21
3. 11 to 16	26 to 23	14. 10 to 17	17 to 10
4. 16 to 20	31 to 26	15. 7 to 14	29 to 25
5. 2 to 7	17 to 13	16. 20 to 24	28 to 19
6. 8 to 11	19 to 16	17. 16 to 23	25 to 22
7. 12 to 19	23 to 16	18. 23 to 26	22 to 17
8. 4 to 8	16 to 12	19. 14 to 18	17 to 14
9. 11 to 16	25 to 22	20. 26 to 31	21 to 17
10. 9 to 14	22 to 17	21. 31 to 26	17 to 14
11. 8 to 11	24 to 19	22. 3 to 10	14 to 7

White draws easily.

Notes by A. G. C.

(a) A variation from "Beginner's Sure Guide." No hesitating about it.

(b) The only safe capture, and cannot "walk into any friends' affections."

(c) Fully as good as anything else.

MATCH GAME.

Miss Mary E. M. and J. P. Sweet.

Between Harry Lesure and Mars.

BLACK.—Miss Mary E. M.

WHITE.—Mars.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

White to move.

contest between cricketers and base ball players, in which the respective merits of each game might be made familiar to each other, and concluded by wishing every success to the game of Base Ball. Mr. Dakin responded in very appropriate terms, and in the course of his remarks, alluded to the fact of his having purposed joining a cricket club, as he certainly admired the game. After a rather pointed but good-natured allusion to the necessity of more attention being given in meetings of the kind to the requisite forms by which they should be guided, he closed by stating that he hoped to see a series of such contests as those alluded to by Mr. Sharp, as he had no doubt but what they would prove in the highest degree attractive and interesting. This was the most agreeable feature of the whole proceedings, and created a very favorable impression, being somewhat in contrast to the want of harmony that had previously prevailed.

YOUNG PHILADELPHIA ON THE CRICKET FIELD.—The youths connected with the John Quincy Adams Grammar School of that city, played an amusing and somewhat exciting match on the 31st inst. on the grounds of the Keystone Club, which resulted according to the annexed score:—

CULBERT'S SIDE

First Innings.

Second Innings.

R. Culbert b Wright 2

W. Culbert b Wright 11

K. Culbert b Wright 11

H. Culbert b Wright 11

F. Culbert b Wright 11

G. Culbert b Wright 11

I. Culbert b Wright 11

J. Culbert b Wright 11

K. Culbert b Wright 11

L. Culbert b Wright 11

M. Culbert b Wright 11

N. Culbert b Wright 11

O. Culbert b Wright 11

P. Culbert b Wright 11

Q. Culbert b Wright 11

R. Culbert b Wright 11

S. Culbert b Wright 11

T. Culbert b Wright 11

U. Culbert b Wright 11

V. Culbert b Wright 11

W. Culbert b Wright 11

X. Culbert b Wright 11

Y. Culbert b Wright 11

Z. Culbert b Wright 11

Total 21

WRIGHT'S SIDE—First Innings.

Second Innings.

Wright b Culbert 4

Pharo b Culbert 10

Broadbent b Culbert 10

Skinner b Culbert 28

Smith b Culbert 15

Hollingshead b Culbert 2

Total 65

PRINCEVS ST. LOUIS.—These Western Clubs, the former of Chicago, the latter of St. Louis, met at the last named city, one against the other, on the 21st and 31st inst., on which occasion both parties exhibited magnificent play, both in attack and defence. It being the first event of the kind that has ever taken place in St. Louis, it created no inconsiderable excitement among the spectators, who, male and female, turned out in full force to witness it, and were rapturous in their exclamations when any brilliant occurrence. Not a few excellent scores of 20 and upwards were made by correct play against good bowling and fielding, and but for the number of extras numbering 126 out of a grand total of 346 in the four innings—such a thing as a cricket, not individually, more worthy of them, which we fully expect they will not fail to do, after the benefit of more practice, which, considering that the present encounter took place so early in the season, they cannot have had many opportunities to do so, they would have been in the score sheet, that it will only be necessary here to append it, without further comment.

PRAIRIE CLUB.

First Innings.

Second Innings.

Head b Morely 20

Wilkins b Morely 5

Winer b Morely 5

Bruce run out 0

Stewart b Morely 22

Ludlow b Morely 3

Lacock b Morely 20

Alcock run out 4

Chambers b Morely 0

Blackney b Morely 6

Lockie not out 5

Byes 17, leg byes 3, wides 10, 30

Total 98

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

First Innings.

Second Innings.

Weston b Lacock 0

Foster b Lacock 1

Stancil b Lacock 2

Harris b Lacock 28

Hardcastle b Lacock 0

Giles b Lacock 0

Yule b Lacock 21

Reynolds not out 23

Fenwick b Lacock 0

Byes 26, wides 13, 39

Total 115

DELAWARE VS. UNION.—The former club, of Lambertville, N. J., gained a victory over the second eleven of the Union, of Philadelphia, at Lambertville, N. J., on the 6th inst., by seven wickets, according to the annexed score:—

UNION.

First Innings.

Second Innings.

Clay run out 10

Hoyt b Bloom 20

Angel b Bloom 0

Bingham b Bloom 5

Bailey run out 2

Hill b Reynolds 11

Crawford b Reynolds 0

Reading b Reynolds 0

Coryell not out 8

Reynolds not out 8

Byes 3, leg byes 3, wides 11, 11

Total 64

DELAWARE.

First Innings.

Second Innings.

Bloom b Blackston 9

Wright b Blackston 10

Hoyt b Blackston 11

Cowan b Crawford 1

Bennett b Crawford 2

Butterfoss b Green 0

Reading b Blackston 0

Coryell not out 8

Reynolds not out 8

Byes 3, leg byes 3, wides 11, 11

Total 64

BALL PLAY.

M

SPRINGER PROCEEDING.—**Phila. May 11.**—**DEAR FRANK.** Yesterday number of lovers of the trigger repeated to Ed Bank for the purpose of witnessing a pigeon match between Messrs. Griel and Cooper, but they were destined to disappointment, as the following particulars will show. The match was made some two months ago, C. and W. were to \$50 that he would hunt G. which was accepted, and a written agreement made stating that the match would take place on the 10th day of May, at 9 o'clock noon. After the arrival of G. and his friends, they found to their intense mortification and surprise, that the stakeholder (a friend of the other party) had given up the stakes, \$100 to C., on the oath that G. informed him the previous day he would go down in the 9 o'clock boat, and commence shooting at 10. This Mr. Griel most positively denies, as he was fully aware that his birds would not certainly be away until after 9 o'clock, and is it likely, it is probable, that an arrangement to that effect would have been made? Mr. Griel was at the ferry before ten, and would have gone at that hour had there been any boat. Now we want to know, what right the stakeholder had to give up the match, even admitting that G. had remarked he would be down in the 9 o'clock boat, and what right had C. to demand it? Mr. Cooper and his friends must certainly be aware that where a written agreement is made, all verbal ones are void. Every effort was made to induce C. to retire from his unwarranted position, and go on with the match, urging the fact that no time was mentioned in the written agreement, but it was unavailing. The match could not take place, as the respective party was, that Mr. C., had been drinking, and was then and to shoot the best he had place to such drink and be prepared? The fact of the matter is, Mr. C. and his friends were aware that he had made a very foolish match, and instead of catching a "greenhorn" had really caught a "tarter." If he thought he could easily win, as he remarked, why did he not shoot as agreed upon. It was unfortunate for Mr. Griel that he met the stakeholder, who had been chosen, or Mr. C. would have found himself obliged to "play or pay." It is probable that he would have, been some satisfaction to a number of gentlemen who had come a distance to witness the match. A more disingenuous manner of evading a match, with a written agreement stating the exact day, and no more, we have never heard of, and doubt that there are few men with a spark of honorable feeling in their breasts who would do this. Mr. C. though they may not admit it, but are conscious that he acted wrong. It is to be hoped that he will construe it into nothing else but a clear "back out." It is to be hoped that future matches will be governed in a different manner, and remembered that a written agreement is an agreement not cancelled, and must be coupled with, or the stakes forfeited.

Yours truly,
HONOR AND JUSTICE.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

JUNE 25.—**St. George of Philadelphia, vs 18 of Southwest, at Thildia.**

St. George Club.—**MARRIED VS. SINGLE.**—This club match, which was to have taken place on Wednesday, the 16th, has been postponed to Friday, the 18th. These kind of out-sets are not frequent enough for the interests of the game. We know of several clubs who would materially add to the progress of the game, and their own welfare, by having matches among their members at least twice a week. **MARRIED VS. SINGLE.**—English vs. American; Senior vs. Junior; First Eleven vs. Second Eleven. These matches, which members, &c., are matches that always interest the members, and call out a good attendance for practice, for which purpose they are intended.

BALL PLAY.

THE HAMILTON BASE BALL CLUB, of W. at Philadelphia, was first brought into existence on the 10th inst., at the house of Major Kakin, when and when it received the support of a goodly number of gentlemen, the meeting then present. Its officers are Major Kakin, President; C. Hanson, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee, Al. Williams, Ridgeway and Knight. They meet for practice every Wednesday and Saturday during the season, on the extensive and well adapted grounds of Prof. Sanders.

A GOOD SCORE BOOK.—This has been a desideratum for some time, and our friend Richardson, corner of Pearl and Maiden lane, has been the first to supply the demand. He has just issued a very handsome score book, containing a hundred matches, together with the printed laws of the game, which he asks at the low price of \$2.50. Hitherto base ball score books have been gotten up only for one year, none having been offered for sale until now.

EXCELSIOR VS. CHARTER OAK.—The first regular match of the season will take place on the grounds of the Charter Oak Club, adjoining Dugway and Sackett streets, near Smith, Brooklyn, on Thursday, 17th inst. The occasion will be a contest between the first nines of the Excelsior and Charter Oak Clubs. It attracts considerable interest and will be a fine contest.

THE BATAVIA BASE BALL CLUB, of Batavia, N. Y., has been organized for the season, its affairs being placed under the direction of the following officers: President, P. H. Byrnes; Vice President, J. C. M. Willett; Secretary, Lewis Smith; Treasurer, H. H. Coote; and Managers, Weller, Lusk and Howard. They have adopted the rules and regulations of the National Association.

THE VALLEY FORGE BASE BALL CLUB has now numbered among its junior clubs of New York, having been organized on the 7th inst. under the following officership:—President, Edward Beadle; Vice President, Wm. Dorando; Secretary, George Williamson; Treasurer, E. Wright. Their regular practice day is on Saturday of each week at Hoboken.

EXTRAORDINARY FEATS AT SHOOTING.—On the 7th inst., at St. Louis a gentleman named Whitehead made a few shots at a target with a rifle and ball, and he was by which he contrived to shoot every shot in the bull's eye, and placed the target at the least and in the paces, and shot at half a dollar piece, which the latter held between the thumb and fore finger, and which Mr. W. hit in the center knocking it out two or three times. This was extraordinary enough, but the crowning performance was to come. Mr. T. L. Lenoir, the gentleman already spoken of, again took up his position at a distance of 100 paces, and placed the common lead ball on the top of his head; the ball from Mr. Whitehead's rifle had entered in the center, and cut the lemon in two. It is only due to the courage and coolness of Mr. Lenoir, to state that, during this time, he stood with his arms folded, and smoked a pipe, though it is manifest that he had stored the fraction of an inch which Mr. W. hit in his aim, the sacrifice of life might have been the penalty. Great praise is due to both—to one equally with the other.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—A match has been made in Bangor, Me. to drive a six-year old gelding one hundred miles, between out and sunset, some day during the current month, for a purse of \$100.

THE CLIPPER SHIP DEKANSKAUGHT.—This splendid vessel left Liverpool for New York on the 26th inst., and arrived at this port on the 9th inst., making the passage in nineteen days.

THE GREAT REMEDY for tan, pimples, freckles, and other disfigurements of a like nature, to which the skin is liable, is Dr. Gouard's Italian Medicated Soap. His Hair Oils will change the color of your hair, should it be light, red or gray, to a beautiful brown or black. His Poudres Subtiles will remove all superfluous hair, leaving the skin smooth and clear. These, with other cosmetic value, may be obtained of Dr. Gouard, 67 Walker street, New York; or from Broadway; Callender & Co. Third and Walnut streets Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates 129 Washington street, Boston.

SCHOOL OF THE GUNNER.—This is the title of a pretty preliminary book of instructions, written by Col. Eugene Le Gall, of the Regiment, N. Y. S. M., and designed for the use of sergeants, corporals in the due performance of their duties as guides, and the movements of battalions. Col. Le Gall's instructions are accompanied by several wood cuts, which help to simplify his meaning. A code of instructions for skirmishers is added. Altogether, the work is well timed, and destined to become a desideratum militia organizations. Published by D. Van Nostrand, No. Broadway, N. Y.

BOOKS, BOOKS! BOOKS!—NOTICE.—REMOVAL.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location to the NEW MARBLE BUILDINGS, which have just been erected 84 Nassau Street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for Books and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 76 will reach us, as our Post office Box obviates any miscommunication of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to execute all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of all and every description, (large or small,) with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packing in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any person you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, the price in cash, or stamps to our address, and you will receive the work, offered by return of Mail—Post paid. If you wish a catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, we will give you the information and pay postage of letter. If you really wish something good, and for our sake, it will please you certain. Address, THOMAS O'BRIEN, General Purchasing Agency, 84 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CHARLES EDGARS General Purchasing Agency. Orders from the country for Books, Magazines, and Newspapers promptly attended to. Be it's Life, Sporting Life, and papers. Books of all kinds furnished. Catalogues furnished upon application, containing some of the best reading books of the day. Send for Catalogue. No. 423 1/2 Broadway, New York.

THE INVISIBLE THIEF.

A TALE OF LONDON AND NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. L. ROGERS,

Author of "Twice Dead," "The Broken Promise," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Nonsense, Barton; it will be quickly over, and that'll be the best of it."

"And the last of us. What do you say to Barton? I can easily obtain a certificate of insanity from a medical friend, and then all I need would be an examination before some country justice of the peace."

"That dodge is worn threadbare—the only way of securing the property is by knocking him on the head."

"I don't like the plan at all; I have already felt the sting of the law, and it is my intention to give the beaks a wide berth hereafter."

"Well, you are the best judge of what concerns your own interest, but if it was not your purpose to assist me in this business, why did you keep the appointment to-night?"

"There, you speak harshly. I am sure just the word I like to hear. I imagined you knew me better than to think I would flinch from what we have in hand. You have not come to the point. If I must broach it, what will be my share of the profits?"

"Ha! ha! you are a yard deeper, Barton, than what I gave you credit for; and I was an ass not to see the drift of your objections before. Enable me to live. Temptation has quieted, and a thousand pounds will convince you of my gratitude."

"Pretty fair, still."

"The estate is a very poor one, at present; for the past six years he has gambled away twice his income, and, perhaps, taken mortgages on the ground. Stokes tells me that it is impossible to collect the rents."

"Well, I'm not exorbitant—a thousand pounds will satisfy me and square the account between us. You may give me your note for the amount."

"Should we fail?"

"It is impossible to foretell the issue of the attempt, but the danger incurred will be none the less whether it succeeds or not."

"And when will we trap the game?"

"Any night after he leaves here or Almack's."

"By the way, I am almost certain he attends Lady Berrian's rout to-morrow evening. How would that do? Best strike while the iron is hot."

"If it suits you, I see no obstacle."

"Very good. Why, what a sad position your king is in—check mate in four moves."

"In the king, although I must say chess is a very fine amusement."

"It would be more so if every male brought with it a check for a thousand pounds."

"Come, that is positively witty. Do you try your luck at 'range et tour'?"

"No, I don't believe in it, but I must be off—I'll see you in the morning at Brompton."

These model chess players separated—the younger leaving the rooms, and his companion advancing to the centre tables, whither I followed him.

"Ah, Barton," said one of the lookers on, "will you tempt fortune?"

"I don't mind if I do—thirty pounds on the red."

There was a momentary pause, broken by the voice of the croupier.

"Lost."

"In the red—thirty on the black."

Another interval of silence, and the croupier again exclaimed—

"Lost."

"In the black."

A laugh ensued at Barton's expense, and he turned from the table. It was now rather late, and thinking I had seen enough of Crookford's, I descended the stairs, after plentifully helping myself to the delicacies in the supper saloon, and took my way towards the lodgings in Pall Mall, reflecting on the conversation I had just overheard. The plot was evidently against Temptation's life, and the spoil to be gathered from his execution was his property. I had heard Father Maguire say that the estate was entailed, and would go to the next heir at the demise of the present owner, therefore one of the plot must be a son of the deceased, and I was probably a cousin or a brother, although I was not previously aware he had either. I resolved to visit Lady Berrian's rout the following night; I could not inform him of the design against him, for that would only lead to unpleasant questions touching my movements. Having thus arranged everything satisfactory, not forgetting Lady Mowbray and the portrait, I sought my couch with a greatly increased opinion of my own foresight and sagacity.

CHAPTER V.

The Plotter at Work—Father Maguire and the Mysterious Portrait—Visit of the Invisible to a "High born Lady"—The Amorous Bivouac—A Captain—Sudden Interruption—The Assassination—Drury Lane Theatre—A Row.

"Well, Barton," said the Squire when he was at breakfast next day (the hour for that meal being three o'clock, P. M.) how do you like London?"

"I scarcely know what to think of it, sir, unless that it is a very extensive place, containing an immense number of people."

"A philosophical remark, indeed."

"It seems, too, that one portion of the inhabitants work during the night and sleep in the daytime, the rest sleep in the hours of darkness, and do business when the sun rises overhead."

"And among the night owls you reckon myself?"

"Such was not my intention."

"You would not have been far wrong if it was. There will be plenty of spare time on your hands which you must manage to pass as pleasantly as possible; the peculiarities of the city you will readily acquire, and, I have no doubt, will be as great a rascal in a week as any valet at the West End."

"I trust not, sir."

"Well, well, time will show. Who's at the door?"

It was one of the maids, who announced that a gentleman wished to see my master.

"Show him up," said the Squire.

The visitor was no other than the man I had met the previous evening at Crookford's—Barton—and, instead of quitting the room at Temptation's order, I merely closed the door and sat down inside of it, which I considered a decidedly better position than the key-hole for listening. Barton was a tall, good-looking man, about thirty, just such a person as we see every day, with nothing unusual in his dress or manner. He might have been taken for a merchant, a lawyer, or a politician; and although, in reality, neither, would have passed muster with a casual observer for a good specimen of either class. His bearing towards my master was full of cordiality of friendship, and not even by a stealthy glance could I perceive he had any other purpose than to befriend me.

"My dear fellow," began the quondam chess player, "it is an age since I saw you—why will you bury yourself in that uncivilized country of yours?"

"Faith, I hardly know myself. One must go somewhere, and Bath and Cheltenham are not what they were."

"You speak like an oracle, the 'pauvre diable' have overrun every spot in the island with their dropping anchor at, and occasionally meet them even at Crookford's. I must set to work and discover a new watering place. Society would immortalize me for the service, and the quantity of media and testimonials it would bring me would form the groundwork of a very respectable library."

"No one is better calculated for the undertaking than yourself, but I fear it would be like searching for the waters of eternal youth."

"Or a virtuous woman."

"Nay, you are too severe on the sex—I could point to several."

"In London?"

"In London."

"Proceed—marshal this imposing array of unblemished beauties. I challenge you to the test."

"Lady Mowbray."

"One."

"Too old to be dissipated—makes a virtue of necessity."

"Mrs. Beldin."

"You might have her for the asking."

"Mrs. Sydney."

"The least said is the soonest mended. There, you have failed completely in arguing your cause—only one witness out of four, and even she is doubtful, if report can be trusted. Her sister was divorced three months ago, after impugning for as many years on the credulity of her husband, and Lady Clara may one of these days undergo a like calamity. It runs in the family. Sir Reginald is a terribly jealous fellow, at least your brother."

Barton abruptly broke off, looking rather confused. The half-uttered words, however, had not escaped Temptation.

"What did you say of my brother?"

"I was about to add that your brother told me that Sir Reginald was rather touchy and suspicious concerning his marital rights. Have you heard from Charles since he went abroad?"

"No, you were rather intimate with him if I remember correctly. It is strange he has not written to you."

"Very I have often thought of him since we parted at Dover two years since. Like myself, he devoted a petticoat as he did, the devil, and used to second me, at the club, in my crusades against everything feminine."

"You must have been terribly flattered by the sex to speak so slightly of them."

"Well, I'll confess I felt different once, and was as sentimental as any Lathrop of the time; but a wealthy old peer stepped in, and I was sent to the right about."

"And lost the girl?"

"Yes, and the fortune. It's wonderful how quickly an heiress changes her mind. The night before my dismissal we had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, swore that nothing should tear us asunder, called on the stars to witness our betrothal, and all that sort of thing. Yet, here I am a bachelor still, and the 'fair, false one' the mother of three children. Well, did Tom Moore call it 'love's young dream.' It was a pleasant dream to me—a golden

world, the horizon edged with a noble estate in Shropshire, and two or three hundred thousand in the three per. cent. But the awakening from it was hideous."

"You are to be pitied."

"I am, indeed. Then, the prospective life; had it not been for the gony earl, I might have been seated in the upper house, and my name would have been on Derby or D'Israeli. Perhaps the nation has lost another Chatham through the caprice and coquetry of a woman—we never know what we can do till we try. Have I not cause to rail against the sex?"

"Your arguments are weighty, at all events."

"But before finding for the plaintiff you would like to hear the other side."

"Yes, on the principle that one story's good until another's told."

"I cannot make you a convert to my doctrine, that's clear. If I saw any prospect of your conversion, I could bring forward many additional proofs."

"It is entirely unnecessary, and would be only a waste of eloquence."

"Then, I am silent. Where do you go to-night?"

"To the rout of one of the ladies just mentioned, Lady Berrian. Are you invited?"

"No, I have an engagement elsewhere."

The gentlemen now rose and quitted the house together. Barton had evidently called to satisfy himself of my master's destination that evening, so that the design of waylaying him would not miscarry.

Shortly after they were gone I donned my finest suit, assumed a pair of Temptation's kids, and went out to return the portraits to Lady Mowbray. The shopkeeper was seated at his desk, as before, but this time I entered in my own proper person, and he immediately came forward to receive me.

"Lady Mowbray left a picture here last night to be repaired. She desired me to call for it."

The man looked critically at me for a moment, and finally, as if satisfied with the inspection, replied—

"Yes; I was just about to send my boy home with it."

"I hope you have followed her directions in keeping it from the view of your family and customers."

"Not a soul has beheld it save myself. Here it is—you see it was carefully concealed in the little case."

He handed me the portrait, and I shoved it into my pocket.

"By the way," said the jeweler, "after her ladyship left here last night, I lost a very valuable hunting watch. I really cannot imagine how it disappeared."

"You may have gone out of the store a minute, and some one abstracted it during your absence."

"That is what puzzles me—I never rose from my seat but once, and that was when the police were capturing some drunken rascals who were endeavoring to create a riot. Nobody could have purloined it then, for I stood on the threshold during the disturbance."

"Your watch?"

"Ha! ha! I'm not married."

"Your assistant?"

"A honest personified."

"Then he must be something of a curiosity. I am very sorry for your loss, however, and think you should offer a reward for the recovery of the watch, and the apprehension of the thief."

"I believe I will, although if the scoundrel develops half the ingenuity in avoiding the law that he used in stealing my watch, there will be little prospect of catching him."

Leaving the jeweler to his reflections, I proceeded towards Charter House Square in which Lady Clara resided. This was (and is) one of the most aristocratic and fashionable of the houses of London, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling. The windows of the entire row seemed to be hermetically sealed, as if the sun was an unwelcome visitor to those within, and the only visible evidence of the life within the house was the green blinds, or a domestic passing down the area to the lower apartments. Even the great sea of London travel that surged everywhere, in the grandest localities and in the meanest—turned aside from this silent thoroughfare, leaving it comparatively deserted. Yet, many of the wealthiest people of the metropolis dwell here, attracted by its freedom from noise and bustle, a walk through Charter House Square, even at the present day, recalls the time when an impassible boundary separated the lower orders from the nobility, and high rank commanded the respect and adulation of society—when titles were not to be purchased with gold, and every lord could trace his ancestry as far back as the Conqueror. An hundred years has undermined all this, and we are all Counts and Viscounts now—on an equal size, solemn and aristocratic in appearance, the only thing relieving their sameness of aspect being the white and brown stoles, and the little grassy patches that maintained a precarious existence in front of every second or third dwelling.